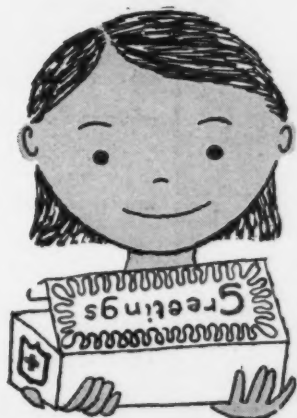


# NEWS

American Junior Red Cross

MARCH • 1955



D. Wilson

# **NEWS** American Junior Red Cross

VOLUME 36      MARCH 1955      NUMBER 5

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# **YOUNG CITIZENS** serve others

## Our Cover

The artist, Dagmar Wilson, has designed our March cover to show many ways boys and girls in Junior Red Cross can serve others. Your class can probably add to these, for wide-awake juniors are busy every day doing many different kinds of good deeds for others.

## March with Red Cross

Mothers and fathers and their neighbors have a special opportunity to march with Red Cross during March. This is the month they are all helping to raise \$85 million for the work of the Red Cross. This money is used to aid those who have suffered losses in disasters, to give needed services to our men in the armed forces, to furnish blood and blood derivatives in times of emergencies, besides many other services.

When a  hangs in the window of a home, it means that the family has joined in the Red Cross march to help others.

## A Junior Writes

Florence Wilkerson, 6th grader in the Harwood School, Pittsburgh, Pa., sends us this verse she calls,

## WORLD NEIGHBORS

*From cold Alaska with her mountains of snow  
 To equator lands where the palm trees grow,  
 The Red Cross is working for you and for me.*

*From the mountainous lands with each towering top  
 To the desert lands which grow not a crop,  
 The Red Cross is working for you and for me.*

*From the Orient where they grow such good tea  
 The Red Cross is doing more than its share  
 To help every need and fulfill every prayer.*

LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.



Green's Studio

Boys and girls at Clarke Junior High School (Clarke County Chapter, Indiana) help pack supplies for the fund campaign.



Juniors in Texarkana, Texas-Arkansas, are on their way downtown to display fund posters.

Reni Photo

JRC members from schools in Washington, D.C., package campaign supplies at chapter house.





# BACKWOODS BOY

by DAVID S. HOOPES

Illustrated by  
Ursula Koering

Slipping and swaying, Angus managed to get halfway across the cut limb of the tree bridging the current.

**Whenever Angus was in the wilderness, he wondered, "What would Daniel Boone do now?" for the great woodsman was his hero.**

ANGUS WAS no longer afraid. The woods were familiar along the path to the creek, from which the boy many times had lugged water back to the clearing.

"Yes sir," his father had said, "Daniel

Boone himself was the first white man to run this trail . . . not ten years ago."

Angus stopped near a huge oak tree and pulled his hatchet from his belt. His father had taught him how to throw it.

"A boy must be able to defend himself in the wilderness," he had said. "Boone could throw a hatchet as good as any Indian."

Angus threw the hatchet, end-over-end, Indian-style, at the tree; it stuck fast in the bark. Satisfied, he retrieved the hatchet,



picked up his bucket of water, and went on.

He could see his father in the clearing, felling trees to clear ground for spring planting and to provide logs for their half-finished cabin.

The big man stopped chopping and looked at the sky. Then he called to Angus' mother who was harnessing Bonny, their old plow horse. "Look's like a storm's brewing, Ma. There's a stiff north wind." He looked toward the path. "I wonder where that lazy boy is. Probably lost again."

Angus felt his cheeks grow hot with shame as he remembered being lost the day before. He hurried to the clearing.

Suddenly his mother cried out, and he heard the pounding of Bonny's hoofs as the horse galloped away. Reaching the clearing, he saw his father fire his rifle at the ground several feet from where his mother lay hurt.

"Quick Angus," he shouted, "bring the water. This snake scared Bonny and Ma fell." He dipped his red polka dot handkerchief into the bucket and washed a deep cut in her arm.

"My leg's hurt too," she said. "I can't walk." They carried her into the half-finished cabin. Then the man searched through their wagon-load of provisions.

"Looks like we're low on everything," he mumbled. "Should go to Willie's and get some stuff for Ma's arm. Don't want Ma getting blood poison. But we can't let that horse run away. If only . . ." He looked around, half expecting help to pop from the ground.

Willie's cabin was 2 miles to the east. Angus took a deep breath. This was his chance. "Let me go. Let me run to Willie's."

"You!" cried his father. "Why boy, you'd sure get lost, just like yesterday."

"But Father, you didn't let me explain. Yesterday I was following a baby deer. I thought it would lead me to its father. You said we needed meat . . ."

"Hush, boy, with your tales. Your Ma's hurt and we have to do something about it."

"Let me do it, Father" the boy pleaded. He pointed to where the path cut into the

forest. "I'll follow that trail. I'll run to Willie's cabin. He can bring back the medicine on his horse."

His father eyed him doubtfully. "Well . . . all right," he yielded. "But look sharp. And tell Willie to bring cloth for bandages."

Shoving his hatchet into his belt, Angus raced off. "Boone wouldn't be afraid," he told himself, trying to dispel the shiver creeping up his spine.

He ran along the twisting path, passed the oak tree, and jumped over a creek. Thorny bushes slashed at his ankles and hanging vines cut his face. The hoot of an owl told him twilight was near.

He came to a stream. The turbulent water had flooded its banks, sweeping away the rough log bridge his father and Willie had built.

"What would Boone do?" Angus asked himself.

The current was strong, too strong to swim; so he followed the bank. He stopped beside a locust tree choked by vines. Tall and slim, like a great bean pole, it stretched high above him.

Pulling his hatchet from his belt, Angus hacked at the trunk. He cut halfway through on the side facing the stream so the tree would topple across to the other bank and make a bridge. Then he pushed hard. It bent and cracked but would not fall. He chopped again. Then, standing on the edge of the stream, he grabbed the loose end of a vine and yanked with all his might.

The tree groaned and snapped! Angus leaped away as it fell. It lay still a moment, the churning waters slapping its bark. Gradually, the cut end, near Angus, began to slide downstream.

Angus had only a moment to jump up and start across. Slipping and swaying, he managed to get halfway before the cut end slipped into the water. Then the whole thing was floating downstream.

Angus lunged into the water and swam hard. The swift current caught him. He grabbed at a low hanging bush. It jerked at

his arms but he managed to hold on tight.

Exhausted, he finally pulled himself out of the water. He rested only a minute. He had lost time and was downstream from the path. He cut diagonally through the forest to find it again. The wind was stronger now, chilling him and foretelling of rain.

Shaking from cold and fright, he ran on, stumbling over thick roots camouflaged by pine needles and cutting his way through vines and brush. Darkness settled over the forest, and he could make out only vague shapes.

Finally he stumbled and fell. He had missed the path! He was lost! He fought back the tears. "What would Boone do?" he asked himself over and over.

The pine needles were dry and soft where the morning sun had hit them. Pine needles! That was it! He picked up a handful and threw them into the air, watching closely the direction in which they were blown.

"North!" he yelled aloud. "The wind is blowing from the north, father said. Willie's cabin is east . . . that way!" The rain was pouring as he started off through the woods.

At last he stumbled toward a light, winking at him across a clearing. "That's Willie's," he cried.

He hurried on. Suddenly something moved on the edge of the clearing. It looked like a large rolling rock until two huge eyes were turned upon him. It was a bear! It growled deep.

Angus froze. The image of Boone flashed across his mind once more. He remembered the story his father had told him of young Boone killing a bear. The bear growled again and began to move slowly, lumberingly toward the boy. With a start Angus reached for his hatchet. He must fight the bear—like Boone.

He raised the hatchet and flung it with all his might, Indian-style like his father had taught him. The bear, great and black, reared on its hind legs and roared.

A crash of lightning lit up the forest with a ghastly flash. Angus saw the roaring monster



He raised the hatchet and flung it with all his might at the bear.

and dived to the ground behind a tree.

In that instant Willie appeared at his cabin door, bellowing almost as loudly as the bear. "By gum, there's that old 'black' that's been stealing my hogs. I'll blast him this time!" A brilliant red flame burst from the nozzle of his gun.

Wounded, the bear roared again and fled, crashing into the black forest. Willie raced after him, loading his gun as he ran.

Angus picked himself up and staggered to the cabin. Though he ached and shivered, he felt proud. He pushed open the door and stopped, startled to find his father and mother there.

"Well boy," his father said gruffly, "it's a good thing Willie saw the storm blowing up and came after us. Your Ma would've been washed out by now if he hadn't found Bonny and helped me bring Ma here for the night."

"But Father . . ." Angus suddenly felt miserable. He tried to explain, blurting out the whole story as fast as possible. His father ignored him.

Suddenly Willie burst into the room. "I got him, Gregor. That old hog-stealer's as dead as the bottom of my shoe."

Willie hung his rifle over the fireplace and stopped beside Angus. "Well boy," he said, "finally found your way, did you?"

Angus fought back the tears.

"You know, Gregor," Willie said to Angus' father, "there was a big cut in that bear's head. Guess it blinded him—made it easy for me to get him."

Angus' father looked at Willie, his eyes suddenly bright with interest.

"A deep wound—must have been as wide as my hand." Willie spread out five thick fingers.

"Or as long as a hatchet head?" asked Angus.

"Yep," replied Willie, "just about."

The boy's father smiled. He looked at his son proudly, then at Willie. "Of course, Willie," he beamed. "It was Angus who did that. Why, he handles that hatchet of his better'n an Indian. Remember how we found the bridge across the stream washed out . . ."

He went on and told Willie of Angus' adventure, adding details that made Willie's eyes pop.

Angus lay still by the fire, feeling warm and good inside. He did not say anything—Boone wouldn't have.

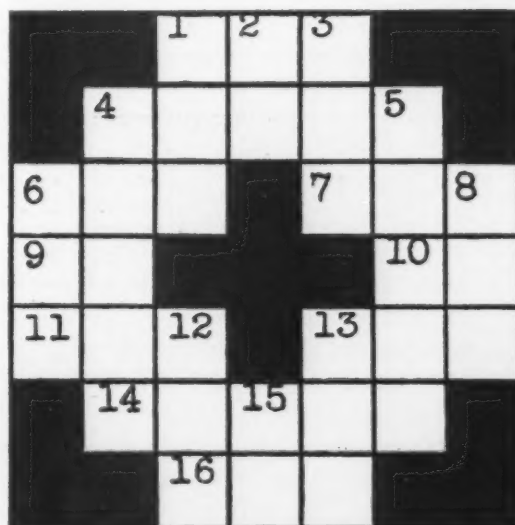
## CROSSWORD PUZZLE — By James R. Sewell

### ACROSS

1. "Jack - - - Giant Killer"
4. Rich part of milk
6. Month following April
7. "Tom, - - -, the Piper's son"
9. "Humpty Dumpty sat - - a wall"
10. Second note in singing scale
11. Opposite of even
13. Shallow pot
14. Mountaineer's warble
16. Received

### DOWN

1. To attempt
2. Opposite of she
3. "Jack Sprat could - - - no fat"
4. What fudge is
5. What Aesop has at the end of a fable
6. Sound a cow makes
8. What boys grow up to be
12. A collie is one
13. Animal kept for pleasure
15. Sol, la, ti, - -



(Answers on page 22)

# NICASIO, YOUNG SPONGE



SEVERAL TIMES in the night the storm awakened Nicasio. But it was not the wind or the rain upon the grass roof above him that worried Nicasio. In all of his twelve years of growing up he had never known his father to stay in bed after the night was gone. Yet now, for the past 3 days his father lay on his straw matting, weak from a sickness that was in him.

Nicasio loved his tall, strong father. He was the best "hooker" of all the sponge fishermen in their village of Tinaco, on the western coast of Mindanao, one of the Philippine Islands.

When Nicasio grew up to be a man, he wanted to be a sponge fisherman too. Just like his father. Nicasio wanted to be strong enough to handle the 20-foot pole used to pull up the sponges from the deep waters of the Celebes Sea.

Sometimes Nicasio went along in their skiff, almost bursting with pride when their small boat was the first to come back with its nets full of fine sponges.

Then, Nicasio helped his mother and sisters clean the catch and place it in the small pond known as a "crawl." After a few days in this water the soft tissues rotted away. Next, the sponges were rinsed, hung up in bunches to dry, and then packed away in net bags ready to go to market.

Once a week his father proudly carried the dried sponges to the auction held in the market place of Tinaco, exchanging them

for coins to buy the many things a big family needs.

When Nicasio awakened again, it was morning and the warm sunshine was streaming through the opened doorway. What had been worrying Nicasio ever since his father was taken ill was this: without sponges how could there be coins enough to buy the food needed by hungry mouths? Besides his parents and Nicasio there were three younger sisters and Maria, who was 15 years old.

Nicasio thought Maria was as much fun as his big brothers had once been—those soldier brothers who had gone to the Island of Luzon more than a year ago to join the army. Maria could pole the skiff as well as any boy and she could swim faster than he could if he gave her a head start.

After eating a bowlful of steamed rice, Nicasio climbed down the ladder that led to the ground. At high tide the earth beneath their home was covered by a foot or more of sea water. All of the houses along the coast were built up on high stilts to keep the families safe.

Maria was sitting alone in the boat that was tied to one of the poles supporting their home. A frown puckered her brow. Dully she said, "The rice is nearly gone. What are we to do? Mother is so worried."

Nicasio sat down beside her. "I know. I heard her crying last night. Maria, I decided to go out myself to get some sponges."

"You?" Maria said bluntly. "Why you're



# FISHERMAN

by FLORENCE WIGHTMAN ROWLAND

Illustrated by  
Fred Collins

a boy. It takes a man's strength to handle father's pole."

"But I want to try, if you'll help me."

"All right. I'll do what I can," she promised quickly.

Before long the skiff was directly above the place where their father usually fished. Some men close by called out rudely, "See the boy who thinks he's man enough to bring up sponges."

Nicasio paid no attention to their teasing. Leaning out over the clear water, he looked carefully, searching for darkish clumps close to the rocks that would be sponges.

"There's some," Maria cried excitedly, pointing to a bunch of sponges directly under their skiff.

Nicasio smiled. "You're right, Maria," he said and lifted the heavy pole from the boat. He shoved the three-pronged hook end down into the sea. As the pole slid down, down, down, Nicasio held on tightly, not wanting to lose the only pole his father owned.



He guided it clumsily until it rested against the clump of sponges. As he had often seen his father fish, Nicasio jerked hard, hooking the prongs around the sponges to loosen them.

He was not at all prepared for the shifting weight of the long pole. It began to tilt away from him, pulling him out over the sea. As he tried to get his balance, his feet pushed hard against the skiff. It slid out from under him.

Splash! Nicasio fell into the sea. Before he could close his mouth tightly, he tasted the saltiness of the water. Down, down, down he went. Since he had had no time to take a deep breath before he hit the water, his lungs now felt as if they would burst. His ears pounded like kettle drums with the under-water pressure.

He moved his arms downward, pushing hard, and he kicked with his legs. Finally he shot above the top of the water not far from their boat. Maria's anxious face was looking down at him.

"Where's the pole, Nicasio?" she asked. "You didn't lose it, did you?"

But he had lost it. His hands were empty. In the surprise of being pulled into the sea, he had let go of the pole. What would his father say when he found out his pole had been lost? Poles with three-pronged hooks cost many coins in the market place at Tinaco.

Climbing into the skiff, Nicasio was sick with disappointment. For a while this morning he thought he would be able to do a man's work. Now he was acting like a boy—a small boy. Why didn't he dive down and get the pole? He was a good swimmer, especially under water.

When Maria heard that he was going down for the pole, she was pleased. "You can do it," she said proudly.

Several times he dove from the boat, but each time his breath was gone long before he reached the bottom of the sea. His head ached from his efforts and he became winded.

"If . . . if . . . only I were . . . f . . . fatter," he complained to Maria.

Maria smiled. "I have an idea, Nicasio. Since you are not heavy enough to get to the bottom of the sea, why not do as the sponge fishermen do on Uncle Berto's island? He has told us many times how they hold onto heavy stones. Their heaviness helps the men to sink down quickly before their breath gives out. You could do *that*, Nicasio."

It did not take them long to go back to land for a stone. They were soon again above the place where the pole lay near the rocks.

Maria had brought a length of rope and tied it tightly around the big stone. "When you get tired and out of breath," she offered, "yank on the rope and I'll pull you up."

Holding the stone in his arms, Nicasio leaped into the sea. He was surprised at how fast his feet touched the bottom. Opening his eyes, Nicasio looked around for the pole. He finally saw it. Holding the stone by one arm, he grasped the pole firmly. Then he tugged at the rope. Almost at once he began to move upward. Maria was pulling him to the top of the water, smiling proudly at him when she saw that he had the pole.

After he rested a few minutes, he said, "I'm going down with a net and get some sponges."

The rest of the day went too quickly. Nicasio was tired but happy. Although the boat was not loaded down with sponges, Nicasio and Maria had one big net almost full.

For the next 5 days Nicasio and his sister went to fish for sponges. Each afternoon they came back with at least one net full to its brim. Their mother took the sponges to the auction and bought the food that was needed.

One morning after his fever was gone, their father leaned up on one arm to smile across the room at Nicasio and Maria.

"Because of you," he said, speaking slowly from his great weakness, "This . . . family has had the . . . food it . . . needed. I am proud of you both. Very . . . proud!"

Mother smiled her gentle smile at them and said, "Now there are two sponge fishermen in this family—Nicasio and his father."



TODAY  
I SAW  
Spring

By GLENN O. BLOUGH

**I**N SPRING the wind blows and it rains and the sun climbs higher in the sky and the days get longer and warmer. And that is a good thing for all of the living things that grow on the earth.

The rain soaks down into the



ground. The wind helps to bring the rain. The sun makes a longer day and makes the earth warmer. And plants and animals that have been quiet all winter seem to come to life.

All winter long, seeds have been quiet in the ground. So have bulbs and so have the roots of plants and trees. All winter long, many animals have been in the ground too. Woodchuck and frogs and toads and turtles and snakes usually stay in the ground when the weather is very cold. Many kinds of birds leave the cold weather and fly south where it is warmer.

But when the spring rains and the warm winds and the longer days come, then the world seems to wake up.

Some people hardly notice spring when it comes. Perhaps they are too busy. But don't you miss spring. It is really quite exciting. And if you look closely you will see its signs.

Look at the grass in spring and you will see tiny green shoots begin way down where the roots go into the ground.

Look at a dandelion plant and you will see a big fat bud way down where the roots go into the ground.

Watch the place where bulbs are planted. You will see a small green point poking up through the earth. Watch for birds and for turtles, and other animals, too.

Look at the buds on the trees and bushes when spring comes. Better look at them every day or you won't see what they do in spring. Buds seem to open almost overnight when the wind blows and the rains come and the days get warmer. Watch them and you will see that some of the buds make leaves and some of them make flowers.

Watch willows and maples and live oaks and poplars and you will be surprised how beautiful the new green leaves and bright blossoms are. Tree blossoms are often small, so many people do not notice them. But they are beautiful just the same. Watch for them and you will see.

Watch the bushes near your house and you will learn how lilacs grow and forsythia

open and magnolias unfold. But be sure to look every day or you won't discover them. In spring such things happen faster than you think.

Plant some seeds in the earth some early spring day if you want to see how seeds make plants. Radish seeds are fast sprouters. So are beans. Cover them with a little soil. The rain will fall on them, the sun will warm them, and soon you will see where you have planted them because the sprouts will poke up through the ground.

Every other day or so dig one up just for the fun of it and you will see how seeds grow into plants. The roots push down, the stems push up, the leaves unfold and there you have a new plant where once there was only a seed.

Spring is a great time for seed growing. Corn grows, wheat grows, lettuce grows, and that is a good thing and I guess you know why it is.

Bulbs grow in spring too. Tulips push up through the ground. Narcissus bulbs push up big fat buds. At first they are green and soon there is a little red or yellow or blue, and then suddenly the buds open and you can see inside the flower and see how wonderful it is to look at.

When animals come out of the ground in the spring they are quite skinny. No wonder! They haven't eaten all winter. Woodchucks are thin and even frogs and toads and snakes are not as fat as they soon will be. In spring these animals help themselves to the new growing things and so they begin to fatten up.

Spring is a time when many animals lay eggs and have babies, too. The frogs and toads croak a lot in spring and lay their eggs in the water. Look for them in any quiet pool where you hear frogs and toads. Dip down into the water with a pail and get a few. Keep them in the pond water and watch them hatch.

Many squirrels have their babies in the spring, and of course spring is the time when birds are busy building nests to hold their eggs and to hold the tiny birds that will hatch





**Look around and you may see a  
bird building his nest in a tree.**

out of the eggs. Look around in the bushes and trees and you may see birds building nests. Don't go too close. All winter long most birds do not do much singing. Even those that stay in the north where there is cold weather, sing only a little. But wait until you see the signs of spring and you will hear the signs that birds make. Robins and song sparrows and cardinals and many other birds seem to be especially happy that the wind is blowing and that the rains have come and that the sun is making the earth warm. Earthworms come to the top of the ground and insect eggs hatch out in spring and that makes food for birds. No wonder they sing!

Spring doesn't look the same in every part of the United States. In the colder part the plants and animals make very important changes when warm weather begins to come. In warmer parts there are many changes too, but we sometimes do not notice them.

This spring perhaps you will look around you to see the grass, the trees, the shrubs,



**Illustrated by Tim Evans**

the garden flowers and vegetables, and the fields and forests. If you do you may be surprised at all of the things you will see. And if you look carefully, you may say, "Today I saw spring."



By CATHERINE WOOLLEY

SUSAN was in second grade. She loved her teacher, Miss Farley. One day Miss Farley said, "The teachers are having a tea party after school. Would one of my big girls like to help to get the party ready?"

Susan raised her hand. "All right, Susan," Miss Farley said. "Come to the teachers' room." She put Libby in charge of the class. Susan and Miss Farley went to the teachers' room.

Miss Farley said, "We'll put on the lace cloth. We'll put on cups and saucers. We'll put on the silver tray. Here is the teapot."

Miss Farley said, "Here is the sugar. Here is the cream. Here are some cookies. I'll put the water on to boil. Please find the pink sugar bowl and cream pitcher while I go back to the class."

Miss Farley went back to her class. Susan looked in the closet for the sugar bowl and pitcher. She found the sugar bowl but she couldn't find the pitcher. She climbed up high and looked in the closet. She stooped down low and looked in the closet.

She thought, "I have to find the cream pitcher for the party! Maybe Mr. Tomata, the janitor, put it somewhere when he cleaned. I'll ask him."

She hurried down the stairs to the basement and pulled open a door. Mr. Tomata was noisily shoveling coal into the boiler.

Susan pulled at his coat. "Mr. Tomata!" she cried.

Mr. Tomata looked around and he looked frightened. "Whassa-matta?" Mr. Tomata shouted. "School on fire? Whassa-matta?"



*Illustrated by  
George Wilde*

"Mr. Tomata, did you see a pink cream pitcher?" Susan shouted back. Mr. Tomata hadn't. He took Susan out and saw her upstairs.

Susan thought, "Maybe Mr. Ransom, the principal, knows where the cream pitcher is." She went to the principal's office and opened the door softly. Mr. Ransom was talking to a mother.

Susan said, "Excuse me, Mr. Ransom, did you happen to see a pink cream pitcher? A very pretty pink pitcher?"

Mr. Ransom hadn't. Susan closed the door softly.

She thought, "Maybe Miss Black, the nurse, is using the pitcher for something."

Miss Black was writing on a card. She said, "Put out your tongue." Susan was surprised but she put out her tongue.

"Looks all right," said Miss Black. "How do you feel?"

Susan said, "Fine."

Miss Black looked astonished. "Then what are you doing here?"

"Have you seen a pink cream pitcher?"

Susan said. Miss Black hadn't.

Susan thought, "Here is the kindergarten. Maybe Mrs. Holly knows where the pitcher is." Mrs. Holly said, "Hello Susan, how nice to see you." But she hadn't seen the cream pitcher.

Susan looked at the children sliding down the slide. She said, "Could I have one slide?" Down she slid. Then she hurried off.

She thought, "Here is the first grade. I'll ask Miss Thompson. But Miss Thompson couldn't help. The first-graders were watching their turtle eggs hatch. Susan watched

too. Then she thought, "I must find that pitcher!" She could hardly bear to leave the turtles, but she climbed the stairs to the third grade.

This class was playing store with a toy cash register. No one had seen the pitcher. Ting went the cash register. Susan thought, "I like to watch the drawer fly open. But it's almost time for the bell to ring and the teachers have to have their party!"

She felt shy about going to fourth grade, but she went. The fourth-graders were square-dancing. Mrs. Lacy knew nothing about the pitcher.

Susan was very worried now. Miss Farley had said, "Find the pitcher." But where could it be?

She hated to go to the fifth grade. But she went in bravely. She asked Mr. Dobson if he'd seen a cream pitcher and all the boys and girls giggled. Susan was glad to get out.

Then she saw the clock. In 5 minutes the bell would ring! The pupils would go home. The teachers would go to the party. But it wasn't ready. And no pitcher for the cream!

Susan stood outside the door of the last room. "I don't want to go in the sixth grade," she thought. "Those boys and girls will laugh! They wouldn't know where the pitcher is, anyway. I'll tell Miss Farley I can't find it."

She tiptoed away. She stopped at the stairs. She thought, "That's the only place I haven't asked. I ought to at least ask."

Susan drew a deep breath. With her heart pounding, she turned around, marched to the sixth grade, and opened the door.

Right on the teacher's desk what did she see?

"That's what I'm looking for!" cried Susan. "The pink cream pitcher for the teachers' tea party!"

"We borrowed it for our drawing lessons!" said Miss Hill.

"Oh, that's all right," said Susan, "as long as I found it!"

She hurried out of the room, clutching the pitcher. Down the stairs her feet flew, light with joy. She reached the last step. She gave



**Suddenly down went Susan on her stomach, on the hall floor!**

a skip. Suddenly down went Susan on her stomach, on the hall floor!

She was too shocked to know whether she was hurt. But the pitcher! Was it ruined? She was afraid to look.

She could feel the handle still in her hand. She turned her head. The pitcher was safe!

Suddenly Susan wasn't hurt either. She scrambled to her feet, hardly noticing the skinned place on her knee.

**Ding-g-g!** went the closing bell, echoing through the halls.

Susan hurried to fill the pitcher with cream. She put sugar in the bowl and cookies on a plate. Miss Farley came in. She said, "It looks lovely, Susan! Thank you. You may take some cookies and run along now, if you like."

The guests began to arrive just as Susan was leaving.

Mr. Tomata said in a worried voice, "You fin-a pink cream pitcher?"

Mr. Ransom said in a troubled voice, "Did you find the pink cream pitcher?"

Miss Black said in an anxious voice, "Did you find that pink cream pitcher?"

Everyone said to Susan, "Did you find the pink cream pitcher?"

Susan said, "Yes thank you."

Then everyone looked happy. But Susan was happiest of all as she skipped away down the hall!



# Vitamins for *Vitality*

**G**ERMAN refugee children will grow stronger and have rosier cheeks because of the vitamins they are being given daily. These vitamins, valued at \$7,000, were a gift of the American Junior Red Cross through the American Red Cross Children's Fund.

Pictured here are some of the kindergarten and nursery school children at the German Red Cross refugee home at Volkmarstrasse, being given their vitamin tablets from their friends in the United States.



Tots in Berlin seem eager to receive their vitamin pills from the American Junior Red Cross.



ARC field director in Berlin delivers the first vitamin pills to children of German Red Cross kindergarten.



## CHILDREN'S GAMES IN FAR-OFF Japan

One of the American Red Cross workers in Japan, Miss Blanche Coombs, tells about the fun Japanese boys and girls have playing their games. Maybe you would like to play some too.



ONE DAY while I was standing in the doorway of the Japanese Red Cross building in Tokyo, I heard what sounded like children screaming:

"Choki!"

"Pa!"

"Guriko!"

"Guriko!"

I ran to the front door and there I saw four little Japanese girls, each with straight bangs and hair hanging down her back, all having a fine time playing together. I found out later the game was called JAN KEN PON.

This is one of the most popular games with Japanese boys and girls. The key to playing the game is found in this chant:

*Stone breaks scissors,  
Scissors cut paper,  
Paper wraps stone.*

One girl extends her hand facing the others. She may point two fingers representing scissors, ball her fist suggesting stone, or expose her palm as a symbol for paper. Others try to match her symbol by guessing.

An example: The challenger shows the

symbol of stone. One member of this group also shows stone, so it is a tie. Another might show the symbol for scissors and loses for "stone breaks scissors." The third shows the symbol for paper, and wins for "paper wraps stone."

Jan Ken Pon figures importantly in many games. It may settle a dispute, single out an individual, or advance a player.

If a player wins Jan Ken Pon through "stone," she takes three steps ahead, for stone is *guriko* in Japanese and is pronounced with three syllables.

If a player wins it through "scissors," she advances four steps, for scissors is translated as *choki* which sounds like the Japanese word, *cho-ko-le-to*, which has four syllables.

If one wins it through "paper" or *pa*, she advances five steps for *pa* is also short for *pa-i-na-pl-e* (pineapple).

OTEDAMA is another favorite game. It is played with two small bags of vivid colors and various designs, filled with coins. With both hands ready for action, the child throws one of the bags up, throws the other up and catches the first. Others stand around singing, as the bags are thrown to the tempo of the song. At times, the juggler may become con-

fused as the tempo is increased or slowed. A very good player can handle five bags at the same time.

Color and pictures depicting customs and folkways of the Japanese nation have their influence over the games of the children, as seen through the description of the ALPHABET GAME.

On 48 cards are printed short poems telling of the traditions and fairy tales familiar to the seven players. The title of each poem begins with one of the 48 letters of the Japanese alphabet. Cards painted with very gay pictures are scattered on a "tatami" (mat).

While one girl or boy reads the poem cards, the others look on the mat for the corresponding picture card. The person gathering more picture cards than his playmates takes the position of leader and reads the poem cards, and the game proceeds as before.

On New Year's Day, color is seen everywhere! In the sky are kites that boys painted with fierce dragons and characters of the fairytales of Japan. In kimonos blazing with reds, yellows, greens, and blues, girls bounce large flowery balls. Others play HANETSUKI, a game involving two people, each holding a painted board with a flat surface and handle. They face each other and knock feathered birds back and forth.

"IKKEN-NIKEN!" sang the plumpest of

the four little girls, on another day when I saw them playing. English translation is "one meter and two meters," which meant nothing until the girls demonstrated the game.

Jan Ken Pon divides the group in two teams, which take their positions five spaces apart. A girl of the first team throws a stone in the middle; jumps one step to the stone, picks it up; and takes four more steps to the opponents' line. She throws the stone over the line, retrieves it; and hops five steps back home, followed by her partner. The procedure is repeated, but each time the stone is thrown to a space beyond the preceding one, until the five spaces are covered.

If both girls in the first team make an error before they successfully cover the field, the other team takes over.

Hide-and-seek, tag, jump-rope seem to be universal. Japanese children are as familiar with them as children living in the United States. They also "play house" in much the same manner. The oldest boy and girl play the part of parents, and see that the younger ones cook and clean and take care of their doll babies.

Watching these Japanese girls at play can give the outsider a vision of traditions and customs, hidden or modified by influences of other civilizations.



Otedama, a popular Japanese game, is played by juggling small bags filled with coins to the tempo of a song.



ARC photo by Moore

**First graders at Yoyogi school for American dependents, Tokyo, Japan, pack gift boxes.**

# WE SERVE OTHERS

*Junior Red Cross boys and girls keep busy serving others in many different ways. These pictures give a "look-see" at a few activities.*



**JRC members from Prince School, Boston, Mass., show some of the toys made in schools for children in the community.**

Kirchgesner

**Leslie Walker, polio patient, proudly wears one of 6 afghans made by Betsy Franklin (standing) and other girls at Williamsville High School, Buffalo, N. Y.**





# Gifts from Other Lands



This doll from Bandung, Indonesia, accompanied a correspondence album sent to a school in Norwalk, Conn.

**E**XCITEMENT is great in schools in the U.S.A. when gifts are received from friends in other lands. Sometimes these gifts have been put into gift boxes, similar to our own gift boxes. Sometimes they are examples of native crafts or interesting dolls dressed in the costumes of their country. A few of these gifts are pictured on this page. . . .



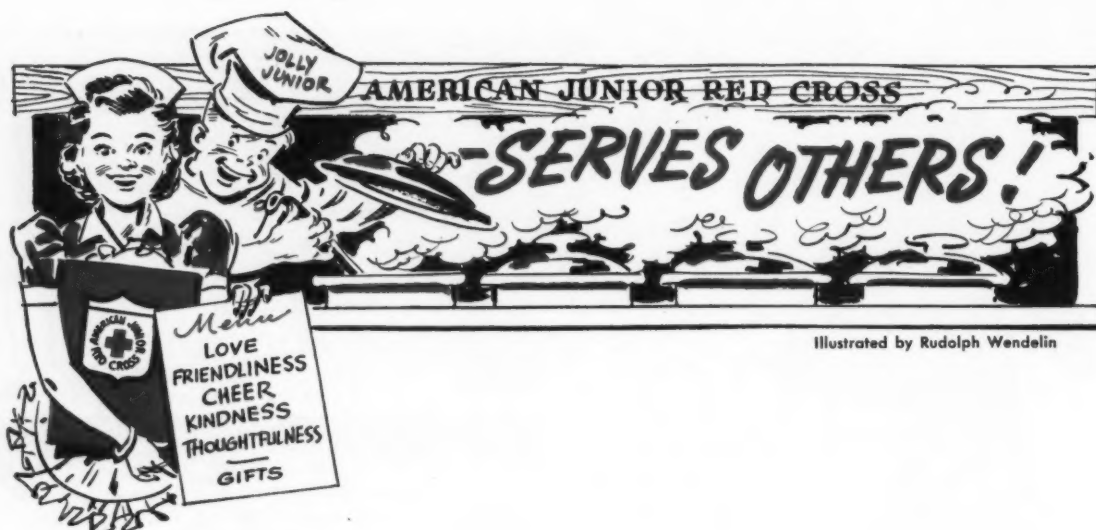
Saludos (greetings) from Cuba are shown in the form of these gift boxes and their contents.



JRC members in Yugoslavia sent this attractive expression of friendship to JRC members in Cleveland, Ohio.



Handmade from native materials—a part of the shipment of 10 cases of gifts sent from AJRC members in Samoan Chapter to members here on the mainland.



### The American Junior Red Cross

*COME JOIN the American Junior Red Cross—  
It's lots and lots of fun.  
We have so many things to do  
It seems we will never get done.*

*Come join the American Junior Red Cross  
We have so many things to do—  
We send gift boxes to other children  
Across the ocean blue.*

—Grade 5  
Randle Highlands School  
Washington, D. C.

### A Junior Speaks

FROM Vicki Lee Moore, 5th grader in the Northrop School, Minneapolis, Minn., come these thoughts about the Red Cross:

You remember the song, "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again," don't you? Well, maybe in time of war, he wouldn't come home if he were wounded. The Red Cross comes and helps to save his life. That's what they do. When the boys are frightened and see the white flag with the Red

Cross on it they are happy. That's how Johnnie came marching home. The Red Cross not only helps the Army men, they help every one, the people in floods, tornadoes, and troubles like that. That's what the Red Cross does. Give to the Red Cross now.

### Honoring Red Cross Founder

"Clara Barton Memorial Highway" is the name given by the Michigan State Legislature recently to U.S. Route 25, running from the Michigan-Ohio border north through Michigan to Detroit.

### Red Cross Albums

OUR RED CROSS albums go far and near  
To show other countries what goes on here.  
To other countries by airplane they fly,  
With them we hope a bond to tie.  
Our booklets we worked on with great devotion  
And now they are crossing an enormous ocean.  
And so, little album, wherever you go,  
We hope you bring happiness to all you meet and know.

By Phyllis Adler, Alice Goodman,  
Joan Osowitt, and Fredda Kriegsfeld,  
Bragaw Avenue School, Newark, N. J.  
(From an album sent to Japan.)

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLE, PAGE 7

#### Across

- (1) The. (4) Cream. (6) May. (7) Tom.  
(9) On. (10) Re. (11) Odd. (13) Pan.  
(14) Yodel. (16) Got.

#### Down

- (1) Try. (2) He. (3) Eat. (4) Candy.  
(5) Moral. (6) Moo. (8) Men. (12) Dog.  
(13) Pet. (15) Do.

### Quiz Show

DURING fund campaign time, a group of fifth grade girls sponsored a Red Cross quiz show in the school auditorium. The purpose was twofold: First to raise money for the American Red Cross Children's Fund. A total of \$5.02 was turned over to

this project. The second purpose was to give the girls an opportunity to organize a program and to present it to an audience.

Nancy Hill  
Aurora (Ill.) Chapter

### **Aid to Vietnam**

REFUGEE school children in Vietnam, Indo-China, will have new blackboards, chalk, and erasers, thanks to their friends in the American Junior Red Cross. An allotment of \$15,000 from the Children's Fund has been made to pay for the cost. This gift is in addition to 103,000 gift boxes and 200 school chests which have already gone to Vietnam.

### **Nature Around Us**

THE NATURE all around us we see  
Is as lovely as it seems to be;  
The flowers dancing around us gay  
Are seen on almost every spring day;  
What makes the leaves on the trees so green?  
What makes the beautiful colors we've seen?  
The Lord has put all these things here,  
And they can be seen around us everywhere.

—Lucille Turner  
Midlothian School  
Chesterfield County, Va.

### **Good Counsel for Councils**

Boys and girls in Richland County Chapter (Mansfield, Ohio) give seven pointers which help you carry on a lively, successful Junior Red Cross council:

- (1) Plan JRC council meetings in advance.
- (2) Set a definite time for meetings.
- (3) Start and end meetings on time.
- (4) Keep meetings interesting and moving smoothly.
- (5) Give all representatives a chance to take part and to feel as though they belong.
- (6) Learn to combine your thinking with that of others, and show respect for their thinking.
- (7) Plan projects that can be carried through to completion within a reasonable time so that you will feel a sense of accomplishment

### **Best Wishes!**

BEST WISHES and happy birthdays to two fine organizations celebrating this month—Camp Fire's 45th anniversary, March 13-20, and Girl Scouts' 43rd on March 12.



Photo by Herbert Spicer, Jr.

JRC council members in Baltimore, Md., present a puppet play, "Jack and the Beanstalk," for children in the hospital.

**"Don't shoot, Dad,"  
Jamie shouted, as his father  
raised his gun.**



*Illustrated by  
John Donaldson*

## ***Danger Stalks the Cliffs***

**by MARIAN DOUGLAS**

**A bobcat hiding in the wild Wyoming hills nearly brought  
disaster to Jamie and Mutt.**

**T**HE BLEATING of the sheep dinned in Jamie's ears, a steady rise and fall of sound in the still Wyoming air. Ever since lunch he had been searching for Tupper, his father's favorite bummer-lamb. And he had found her, too, caught between two rocks.

"Here she is, Dad!" he called. "Why is she always running away?"

But his voice was drowned in a sudden cry of pain and terror from atop the craggy cliffs.

"Something's caught in our trap!" cried Jamie.

His father heard it, too. He called to a collie to head Tupper back, then grabbed his rifle from where he'd left it leaning against the fence, and ran.

Jamie pounded along behind as fast as he could go. He knew they'd caught the bobcat they'd seen slinking along among the cliff's rocks only yesterday.



As they labored up the slope, Jamie thought of the damage the marauding bobcat had already done. He'd killed one of the lambs. The signs of the struggle in the wet earth near Willow Spring had been unmistakable. And Jamie knew how his mother and father depended on the wool. But sheep seemed to have so many enemies: the sharp blast of winter that froze them in their tracks; the skulking bobcats, bear, and mountain lions.

At the top of the cliffs, Jamie's father stopped and dropped to one knee, pointing the rifle at the animal in the trap.

At that instant Jamie saw it wasn't the bobcat they'd caught. "Don't shoot, Dad! It's only a dog!"

"Most likely a sheep-killing dog," his father said harshly. But he lowered the rifle.

It was a big dog, a tough-looking mongrel. Its howling stopped as soon as it saw them, and its black tail began to thump in spite of the pain. He whimpered with mingled joy and pain as Jamie approached.

Jamie reached out and warily patted its head. And, as his father sprung back the steel jaws of the trap, he pulled out the badly bruised paw and examined it.

"He's a good dog. Let's keep him. He'd be my dog."

His father frowned. "He's just a mutt!" he said slowly. "He might fight with the collies, or kill sheep. I don't think—"

"Aw, Dad—please?" Jamie begged. "You have Tupper. I haven't anything of my own. He's hurt. Besides, I'll bet he's a good hunting dog."

Jamie's dad shook his head. "Well," he said, "I think I'm making a big mistake, but you can keep him until his paw's well. Then we'll see. But if he causes any trouble, he has to go!"

No sooner had Jamie led the big dog to the house than his mother appeared with ointment and bandage. She was good like that.

Jamie called the dog Mutt. He fed him scraps from the table. Sometimes his mother



The big bobcat was seen slinking along the cliff's rocks only yesterday.

sneaked in some vitamins Dad kept for the lambing season. Jamie was convinced that Mutt was a good hunting dog. His ears perked, his nose quivered, and he whined at the slightest sound.

As Mutt's paw healed he followed Jamie everywhere he went. He made friends with the collies and the sheep. He became good friends with Tupper, and often led him back to the fold.

But one day, as Mutt nosed Tupper away from slippery rocks, Tupper turned. Moving swiftly on her spindly legs, she frisked right up to Mutt's nose and bleated loudly: "Baa baa baa!"

"MUTT!" Jamie called. But too late.

Mutt sprang. And Tupper took off, half-running, half-wobbling, smack into a barbed-wire fence. There she hung, baaing to the skies.

"All right! That settles it!" Jamie's father shouted.

Jamie rushed up to Tupper and tried to free him as gently as possible, but the jagged barbs were leaving their ugly scars. "Why did you have to baa in Mutt's face?" he said, hopelessly.

"I told you we shouldn't keep that mutt!" said his father. "As if I don't have enough trouble with that bobcat hiding out on the cliffs!"

"Gosh, Dad. Tupper asked for that chase. Mutt was only trying to help. Mutt likes Tupper."

"The dog has got to go," his father said quietly.

Jamie knew his dad really meant it this time. That afternoon, he led Mutt up the grassy slopes away from the range. "You're well now, Mutt. And you've got to go. I'll miss you but you'll make out all right."

Jamie wrapped both arms around his pet a moment. Then he whispered, "Go on, Boy!"

Mutt started slowly up the hill. He stopped once, and turned.

"Go on, Mutt!" Jamie called softly.

Then he turned and ran back down the slope, across the range. He paid no atten-

tion to Tupper who frisked by. He ran straight to his attic room. He threw himself on his bed, feeling an aching loneliness.

Late that night, he heard voices in the kitchen. He listened.

"Yep, Mother! That big cat is lying out there on the cliff right now—dead. He must have been getting ready to pounce on Tupper. That lamb had wandered off again. And this fellow really put up a fight with that bobcat."

Jamie didn't wait to hear more. He raced downstairs.

There lay Mutt, bleeding from the neck and shoulder, his eyes closed.

"MUTT! MUTT!" he cried, burying his face in the dog's shaggy fur.

Jamie looked up at his mother. Her eyes looked soft and kind, and proud. "Mutt killed the bobcat, Jamie," she said.

Mother always liked Mutt. She understood him. Now Dad understood him, too. And Mutt would be his this time, when he was healed again, for keeps.

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## PASTURES

by FRANCES FROST

ONCE AGAIN the cattle go to pasture.  
After the cold months when their silver  
breath  
Smoked in the barns and stamping restless  
hooves  
Waited impatiently for winter's death,  
Again they push into the morning dew,  
Thudding and hungry for the early grass.  
  
Tawny upon green slopes, they shoulder  
through  
The half-cool sunlight while the wild geese  
pass  
Honking northward. Storms of apple bloom  
Break from the twigs, once more along the hills  
Drift soft-eyed herds, and in the upland  
pastures  
Wander the swaying copper-throated bells.



## NEWS Cover Goes to a Fair

**S**HOWN ABOVE is the exhibit of an enlargement of the November NEWS map cover, "Our Country in Books," and copies of all the books which were illustrated. This exhibit was on display during the week of the Children's Book Fair in Washington, D. C., and attracted the attention of an estimated 30,000 visitors.

Junior Red Cross members of the District of Columbia Chapter were on duty every day during the fair to answer questions about the map and to tell the visitors how the Junior Red Cross cooperates with schools in promoting good reading for children.

# SPRING IS NEAR

Words and music by Beth Milliken Joerger



Rhythmically

Rain-drops pit-ter - pat-ter On the win-dow pane,  
Every - one is plan-ning For a fruit- ful year,

Oh, how glad we are, they say, To be the nice soft rain; It's  
As the days be - gin to warm, We know that spring is near; The

good to know we're help- ing Ever-y thing to grow, For  
but - ter - cups and lu - pine Dress in col - ors gay, And

now the earth is green-ing, And gone are sleet and snow...  
child - ren are de - light - ed That Spring is on the way...



3

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